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A
CONGRATULATORY POEM
ON THE
LATE SUCCESSES
OF THE
BRITISH ARMS, &c.

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ON THE
LATE S U C C E S S E S
OF THE
B R I T I S H A R M S.

W H I L E temper'd wisdom at the helm presides,
And equal justice Royal mercy guides;
On western plains the *British* lion frowns,
And conquers nations by deserting towns.
Oh, great refinement on the *Parthian's* strain!
Who fled indeed—but to return again.

A hardy race invert the sacred words,
And forge the spade and pruning hook to swords;
The teeming soil a *Colchian* harvest rears,
It's little phalanx ev'ry furrow bears; 10
Wide and more wide the dragon's teeth are cast,
And new-born hosts amaze the pathless waste.

Surrounded, famish'd, by a desp'rate pack,
 Fear in their van, and slaughter at their back.
 Their vauntive foes the *British* chiefs defy,
 They spread their canvas, and victorious fly.
 Yes—witness Gods!—they leave the fatal strand,
 Untar'd, unfeather'd, by a rebel band.
 Let Gazetteers the pompous story shape,
 And spread the glories of a proud escape; 20
 Let pension'd senators pursue the boast,
 And trim the laurels of a vagrant host;
 Let true-born *Scots* their Io-pœans sing,
 And praise the heroes as they love their king;
 And let that king his glorious meed bestow,
 And toast the chieftains when the goblets flow:
 Then shall the muse attend the festive throng,
 And swell the plaudits with her first-born song.
 A bard, un plac'd, unpension'd, and unpaid,
 His free-will off'ring brings, th' *Aonian* maid. 30
 He seeks nor bishopric, nor gen'ral's staff;
 Enough for him—to make his readers laugh;
 Enough for him, shou'd *Clio's* sacred smile
 The toils of *N—*, and *M—'s* fears beguile;

L. 26. A great personage gave General *Carleton* and his brave
 troops the very first toast the day the news of the relief of *Quebec*
 was received.

Enough if ONE a moment's audience spare
From buttons, snuffers, nut-crackers, and prayer.

Exalted heroes! that the deep explore
To find *new Scotlands* on the western shore.
Not sent, as fools might idly dream—to fight—
But, nobler task!—to prove your passive might; 40
That *British* sufferings might the rebel scare
(A gracious prince the subject's blood will spare)
With patience firm, as anchoret of old,
You rose triumphant over want and cold.
But nought avails to fly the desp'rate band,
Misguided zealots other arts demand.
Farewel the theatre! whose nightly state
Recall'd the glories of the day's debate.
Where puny ensign boy'd some am'rous queen,
And real captains were in buskins seen: 50
Where scenic pomp aton'd for want of food,
And infant gen'ral learn'd the trade of blood,
Beheld the mimic with the true contend,
And falling there prepar'd them for their end.

Behold, a *Scotia* spreads her friendly plains,
Where cold and hunger purify the brains

L. 49. Some squeaking *Cleopatra* boy my greatness.

SHAKESPEARE.

With skill to scent advantage from afar,
 With arts of peace, and stratagems of war :
 There learn to send your missionary band,
 Your ministers of peace with sword in hand, 60
 Lead conquering foes by second-sighted charms
 To trust your promises before their arms,
 With suppliant voice the savage tribes implore,
 To dip the tomohawk in *British* gore,
 And rouse the negro slave with prosp'rous art,
 To plant the ponyard in his master's heart :
 Your tapst'ried deeds in *Kew* shall be display'd,
 And bloom when *Churchill's* and young *Amman's* fade!

But, mark that train, so gallant, trim and bold,
 Exhaling civet, and emblaz'd with gold! 70
 The powder'd darlings of the young and gay,
 In nasty transports plough their wat'ry way ;
 From safe parade, where tempting *Floras* rove,
 From wars of *Venus*, and from wounds of love,
 From nightly frays where caitiff watchman sunk,
 Rebellious waiter, or tempestuous punk,
 With syringe arm'd and essence box they go,
 To launch their thunders on the trembling foe.
 A thousand masters join'd the youth to train ;
 The *surgeon* taught them a contempt of pain, 80

The wary *catchpole* lent his fullen aid,
 And soon they learn'd to shun an ambuscade;
 To painful vigils were the youths enur'd,
 And courtly mask and midnight ball endur'd;
 The pealing dice-box and the drum's alarms
 Have tun'd their organs to the din of arms;
 Perch'd on their ensigns naked *Venus* stands,
 And sheds infection o'er rebellious lands.

Each anxious hour shall bear some murd'rous tale,
 And glorious carnage load the tainted gale; 90
 Each valiant *Scot* the rebel scalp shall tear,
 And filken lords the bloody token wear,
 Knights of the scalp, with honour'd badges red,
 While *Windsor's* champions hide the faded head.

The bankrupt nation shall be well repaid,
 For commerce lost, and *British* fame decay'd;
 If freedom from her last abode she chase
 (That fiend detested by a kingly race)
 If, while each town and hamlet smoaks around,
 And not a peasant tills the ravag'd ground; 100
 She builds on cities raz'd, and myriads slain,
 A barren right, to tax a desert plain.

Be common truths perceiv'd by common men,
 Our *Palinurus* boasts a clearer ken :
 His eyes are purg'd with euphrasy and rue,
 And human laws invert, and passions too.
 A backward wisdom breathes in ev'ry plan,
 And all his politics reflect the man.
 He bids our warfare with our thrift agree ;
 To gain we lavish, and to conquer flee. 110
 A triumph 'tis—when half an army dies ;
 'Tis art, 'tis conduct, when the remnant flies.
 Ye gods ! what conquests claim the *British* lyre !
 Besieging foes, unhurt, untouch'd, retire.
 Not sottish tyranny, not creeping art,
 The head unjudging, and unfeeling heart,
 Not rash malevolence, not childish heat,
 Not regal dulness, plans of power defeat,
 And vet'ran hosts to rebel bands betray
 By puny handfuls, a defenceless prey ; 120
 Or bid them rocks and shoals and quicksands brave,
 While warring winds and wintry billows rave.
 On kings and senates hot-brain'd zealots fall,
 Unjudging fots !—'tis deep contrivance all !

L. 104. Even *Palinurus* nodded at the helm.

POPE.

L. 105. Purg'd with euphrasy and rue

The visual nerve.—

MILTON.

For wisdom wears the mask of old-wives dreams,
 Distracted counsels, and unmeaning schemes,
 Thus from their guard rebellious chiefs to throw,
 And rush to vengeance in a final blow.

But will the clamours of the mob be stay'd?
 Those noisy fools, that call a spade a spade. 130
 Should scriblers rage, and discontents be loud:
 Some new *Regatta* shall amuse the croud,
 Or chariot races sooth the gaping throng,
 And peers contending ply the nimble thong.
 Should yet the croud some ruder sport demand,
 Let hardy bull-bait still the clam'rous band,
 A baited statesman in the circle roar,
 And growling patriots revel in his gore;
 Let courtly scribes their grateful fable spread,
 And heap the plain with mountains of the dead, 140
 That fainting stocks a transient breath may gain,
 Ere forc'd *Gazettes* revive th' ideal slain.

Yet while abroad such trophies wait our arms,
 Domestic terrors spread their dire alarms,
 In every vault are lurking *Fauxes* found,
 And sulph'rous trains, and deadly snares surround;
 Not traps, and spring-guns half such terror shed
 Round *Cockney's* garden-pots, and fallad-bed.

To seize his prey the dreadful *Sheriff* flies
 And brings, like *Bayes*, an army in disguise. 150
 In tasks so bold can city men engage?
 Can turtle feasts inspire such mighty rage?
 Does party zeal th' imperial victim claim?
 Or mad ambition prompt the daring aim?
 Presumptuous banker! stay thine impious hand?
 Nor drown with scalding tears a loyal land.
 Distraction! horror! see our sorrows flow—
 Wilt thou a king to famish'd lions throw?
 But heavenly guards, that watch o'er pious men,
 Shall wait our *Daniel* in the lions den; 160
Charles Jenkinson, like *Habakkuk* shall stand,
 A bowl of pottage in his friendly hand;
 Oh! cool the mess with pious breath some *Scot*,
 For *Scotish* mouths can blow both cold and hot.

When fears like these perplex a pious reign,
 What god, what Atlas shall the weight sustain?
 What mighty hand the pond'rous motions roll,
 When state convulsions shake the labouring pole?
 In clumsy strength see heavy *Boreas* stand,
 The *Tuscan* column of a sinking land, 170
 Where state empirics post their rubric bills
 Of pocky nostrums, and of gilded pills:

Let *Minden's* hero, like some new *Alcide*,
 Partake the burthen and the fame divide,
 Ere yet he feel, in wild confusion hurl'd,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of world.
 The bashful offspring of a virtuous fire
 From bawds, and bullies shall a while retire,
 A while his parasite, and whore, forsake,
 And dipp'd by impudence in *Stygian* lake, 180
 Come arm'd for fight in glorious want of shame,
 And blast the laurels of his father's fame.
 His bodkin spear the forward stripling draws,
 And boyish pertness props a desp'rate cause.
 Ye busy fiends ! prolong your favourite's date
 And spare him, *Venus*, for a ripen'd fate ;
 So may this age portentous guilt survey,
 And courtly sunshine lend its fust'ring ray.
 For ev'ry wretch the master's closet find,
 A friendly *Lazar-house* for spotted minds ; 190
 Imperfect virtue may the guilty fear,
 And dread infection when a villain's near ;
 A pious prince may call him to the throne,
 'Transform'd he stands,—religion's, and his own—
 The filthy ulcer of the soul is dry'd,
 By healing gold, with royal skill apply'd.

L. 173. Who eas'd *Atlas* of his burthen.

Brothers in mischief ! partners in disgrace !
 What envious fiends embroil a kindred race ?
 Who feel no principle, who boast no skill,
 Shou'd prove at least, unanimous in ill. 200
 Shall *N*——, *G*——, and *R*—— disagree ?
 Such feuds become the principled and free.
 One only warfare souls, like yours, should know,
 The friend of *Britain* is your native foe.
 Oh pledge your amity in rebel blood !
 Why should your squabbles glad the patriot brood ?

When kingly bounty wells in secret streams,
 And stealthy synods ripen closet schemes :
Shebbeare and *Tucker* sneak in deep debate
 At midnight hour to plot a people's fate. 210
 In lowering majesty *Pomposo* stands,
 A mighty standish arms his heavy hands,
 Sublime on stilts he darts the scornful ken
 On poor *trifyllables* of little men ;
 His notions ask sesquipedalian words,
 And scorn the dress that common speech affords ;
 Well-marshal'd sentence, the gigantic phrase,
 And maxim quaint the gaping croud amaze ;
 Wide and more wide he bids the sophism fly,
 And thrusts a paradox in every eye. 220

The pious preacher, hoary babe of grace,
 Around our standard calls the chosen race :
 When Majesty with beggar's-box must sue,
 And crave an alms, a people to subdue;
 When charity completes what senates plan'd,
 And fleets and hosts go begging thro' the land;
 He teaches misers ill-got wealth to bless,
 And spare a part to monarchs in distress.

Oh ! ne'er, tho' shame, and ruin, shou'd attend,
 Ne'er shall the master to the vassal bend, 230
 While *British* veins can pour a drop of blood,
 While yet a vessel rides the crimson'd flood ;
 Tho' faction rave, tho' party scriblers rage,
 And headstrong patriots ceaseless combat wage ;
 With noble pride we scorn the vulgar throng,
 And boast at least a firmness in the wrong.

Thus the slow ass with fortitude untam'd,
 For length of ears and obstinacy fam'd,
 Treads down the fence, and spoils the cultur'd ground,
 Tho' mastifs bay, tho' peasants hoot around, 240
 Tho' half the village at his heels arise,
 And ceaseless cudgels vibrate in his eyes.

F I N I S.

